

her over and over again. The curse of Judas Iscariot was on him.

One or two causes intensified the hidden hatred of Mr. Baring for "Crichawn." The first was that one day, by a mere accident, he met Mr. Baring coming away from a house in Great Patrick street, Waterford, which house was anything but popular at the time: and Mr. Baring was in one more important item of knowledge in "Crichawn's" power. The second was one in which Mr. Baring's self-respect and self-love were sorely wounded—wounded so as hardly to be cured. He had one day become aware of his cousin's intention to walk to some distance in order to see an old woman—aunt in fact to poor M——, the disguised "hurler." By a circuitous route Baring was enabled to meet her and to join her on the way. She showed an evident reluctance to proceed, and was apparently turning away, when, bursting into a frightful passion, Baring forgot himself so much as to seize her rudely by the arm. An involuntary cry was the consequence; and with the cry "Crichawn" stood upon the spot.

"You infernal d—l, you are always where you are not wanted! Be off out of this or I'll knock you down."

"Faith, I think," answered "Crichawn," "I'm wanting enough; an' for the knocking down, there isn't a man of your name able to do the same."

"I'll let you see, you vagabond," shouted Baring, and he rushed wildly at his antagonist. He might as well have rushed against a stone wall. In a moment Baring lay upon the ground, absolutely foaming with rage and disappointment. But the unfortunate fellow's disgrace became complete when "Crichawn," having taken from his pocket a peice of whipcord, while he held Baring's two fists in his left hand coiled the cord round and round the unfortunate man's limbs until he had perfectly handcuffed him.

Amy had escaped, and Baring swore an oath of dire import. If his opportunity ever became equal to his determination, woe to "Crichawn."

We have said poor M——had an aunt in the neighborhood. He had; and as she had no son and no mother, they were like mother and son. The love he bore the old lady was chivalrous and

romantic, and that love had never been tried or alienated, but grew and grew on till it was quite absorbing. When M——had been awhile "upon the run," he remembered all the kind words and kind deeds of her who had nursed and cared for him; he risked all, once more to see the aunt, and to have a talk with the young men of the country round. Perhaps going to the hurling was a wise course enough, as no one thought of his coming into the field, and the hurling-match where he was known was the very last thing he would be supposed to take share in; but M——was in real danger shortly afterwards.

When "Crichawn" came home, he met Mr. Meldon and made no secret of the encounter.

"Miss D'Alton must have a large amount of patience and courage," he said.

"Patience and courage!" repeated "Crichawn;" isn't Miss Amy an angel out an' out; an' she's a Barron, you know—a Barron of the owldest stock—an' then—oh, sir, she has God on her side, you know!"

"Crichawn" went to bring out the drag, when, of all people in the world, whom should he meet but the member of the "Felon Club!"

"You arn't going to join?" said the "patriot."

"Faith, I hav'nt time, *avic*. But are you determined to fight?"

"Fight!" he answered; "fight! I will slay and kill a hundred men; and if I had a hundred lives I'd give them up for Ireland."

The patriot drew forth a brilliant dagger, and he raised it just as Macready used to raise the dagger in "Virginius." I am now in search of M——, as fine a fellow as steps in shoe leather.

"Isn't he gone to London?"

"Oh, no. Though you arn't one of us, I can trust you. Here," he said, "come I'll show you the club can value an honest man. I make you a present of the dagger."

"Oh, thank ye; but Mr. Meldon is awful about the law, an' he'd give me the door if he found that beautiful thing in my hand or my box. (Bad luck to you! You want to sell me too, you vagabond thought "Crichawn")."

(To be continued.)